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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

LISTENING

Into the night I sent my call
For you, and hung my head
When there was no reply.

Tonight the singing sky
Is calling me instead—
Cry upon ringing cry.
Although I do not hear your voice,
My head is high.

MAY BASKET

I love you, dear;
And all the little world
Loves my simplicity.

For in my love
There are no passions whirled
In wild complexity.

No mystery
Of "Does she love?" and "Whom?"
Needs fathoming.

I gather love,
And ever find more room
For gathering.

Dorothy Butts

Will you take this basketful today,
Of old love and new flowerets, and say,
"This much she loved me during May?"

THE TRANSIENT

Dear, take my love and do not hesitate.
You think that I shall always wait,
I am so calm.

(It is to reassure, and to inspire
New confidence in you.)

Quick, take my love before it is too late!

Here are my hands held out to give to you
Their treasures—some old, some new,
All dear to me.

Oh, do not agonize me by delay,
And musing which to take!

Quick!—say I gave them to you, passing through.

DIFFERENCE

If you will wander, so shall I—
In opposite directions ply
Our irresistible two ways
Into the nights, into the days.
The east and west shall draw apart,
Like magnets, your heart from my heart.

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